

PRIZE
GROUP

Nov.-Dec. 1953 No. 27

BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

magazine

Y-YOU'RE **NOT** HUMAN--
JUST THINGS! EVIL THINGS
THAT CAN **CHANGE** THEIR
FORM THROUGH WITCHCRAFT!
DON'T COME NEAR ME!

IT **WON'T** DO YOU
ANY GOOD TO RUN--
TO SCREAM--**IT'S TOO**
LATE FOR THAT--
TONIGHT, YOU BELONG
TO THE
CAT PEOPLE!





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WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT

BEAUTIFULLY MOLDDED PLASTIC GYM

FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP

WATER STAYS IN THE LOOP

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP? Amazing and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific like loop. Fill it with approximately 1 gallon of water as per our special instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they swim in the loop. Let all your friends know how you got it to any room. Decorate end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY, (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)**

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- AUTHENTICALLY DRESSED IN COLOR
- TRUE-TO-LIFE DETAIL IN MINIATURE
- ALL DOLLS STAND ON PEDESTALS
- MADE OF DURABLE SCULPTURED PLASTIC

NEWEST SENSATION—DOLLS OF OUR WORLD—a favorite with youngsters of all ages, parents, teachers and collectors of dolls! Each exquisite doll represents a country and is authentically costumed in color with true-to-life detail and charm in finely sculptured plastic. The facial expressions and backs and sides of dolls have the same natural-looking detail. Each doll stands nearly 2 inches tall on its own pedestal with name on back of pedestal. Popular for gift-giving—they're fun to collect and trade. Each doll shipped mounted on 4-color picture story card. **SEND NO MONEY, (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)**

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Just like a Built-in Shower!

SWIVEL HEAD ADJUSTS TO ANY WALL

SUCKER CUP ADJUSTS TO ANY SURFACE

ONLY **\$2.98**

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AT ANY MIGHT

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Hi! I'm LANA! the Doll whose HAIR you CAN WAVE!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

NEW!

HAIR KIT

WAVE LOTION

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TERRIFIC VALUE!

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A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. **LANA** is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

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Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Wall Shower \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL \$2.98
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NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 114A New York 3, N. Y.

They were poor and ill clothed. But they were only too happy to shelter and care for a lost traveler. Yet once the reason for this hospitality was clear, it was very hard to be grateful to

THE CAT PEOPLE

Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY



"I NEVER THOUGHT" THAT A VISIT TO MY OLD FRIEND MALCOLM BROOKS WOULD SERVE TO BRING BACK THE *DIABOLICAL* EXPERIENCE WHICH HAD KEPT ME HOSPITALIZED FOR SO MANY MONTHS. HE MET ME AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE -- WARM AND SMILING.

GEORGE GATES! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN EUROPE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, MAL! THE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN PRETTY ROUGH ON ME.



"IT WAS WHEN WE ENTERED HIS LIVING ROOM AND CAME UPON MALCOLM'S TWO CHILDREN AT PLAY, THAT I RECEIVED THE SHOCK.

MAL--T-THEY'RE PLAYING--

COME IN, GEORGE. DON AND BETTY WILL BE TICKLED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

CAT'S CRADLE! IT'S STILL POPULAR AMONG THE SMALL SET! FUNNY HOW THESE OLD GAMES HANG ON--

MAL! STOP THEM-- IT'S EVIL! DANGEROUS!



WHAT? OH, COME NOW, GEORGE! YOU AREN'T SERIOUS--

PLEASE, MAL, PLEASE! THEY MUSTN'T CONTINUE THAT GAME!



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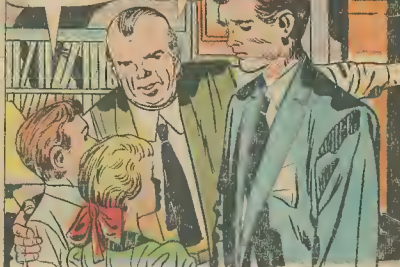
GEORGE LOOKED AT ME ODDLY... WATCHING WITH MOUNTING ALARM, THE UGLY SIGHT OF FEAR BREAKING DOWN MY CRUMBLING RESERVE. I WAS ALMOST LIMP FROM THE STRAIN OF TENSION WHEN HE QUICKLY STEPPED IN AND STOPPED THE CHILDREN'S GAME.

HERE, YOU TWO! THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! WE'VE GOT A GUEST. YOU REMEMBER UNCLE GEORGE DON'T YOU?



SURE! HI, UNCLE GEORGE! GOSH, YOU DON'T LOOK SO WELL! IS UNCLE GEORGE SICK, DADDY?

LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU KIDS TRY THE COLORING BOOKS IN THE PLAYROOM? UNCLE GEORGE AND I HAVE SOME THINGS TO TALK OVER!



MAL, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW ...I... I WAS FRIGHTENED. BADLY FRIGHTENED! THAT CHILD'S GAME... IF YOU KNEW ITS ORIGIN, YOU'D UNDERSTAND WHY I ACTED THAT WAY!



IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN YOU, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU IN SUCH A STATE, GEORGE. WHAT ON EARTH COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU?



A MONSTROUS THING, MAL! SOMETHING SO... SO INDESCRIBABLE AND I... I DON'T KNOW IF I DARE TALK ABOUT IT...

THAT BAD? YES, I GUESS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN! I CAN SEE THAT! WHERE DID IT HAPPEN... IN EUROPE?

YES... IN SPAIN, TO BE EXACT. THERE ARE PLACES THERE WHERE THINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED SINCE THE EARTH WAS YOUNG...

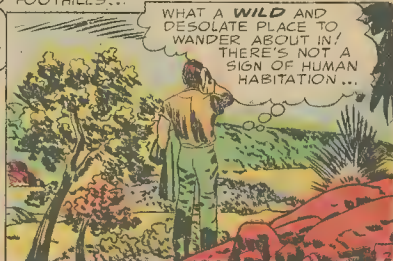


THE PAST IS STILL VISIBLE ANYWHERE IN EUROPE... THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS... RUINS... I KNOW, BUT...



I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE PAST MADE BY MAN, GEORGE! THERE WERE OTHERS... UNSEEN... HINTED AT... THINGS THAT DID NOT DIE... THINGS STILL ALIVE TODAY!

"I COULDN'T STOP THERE! I HAD TO TELL HIM! WHAT MAL OR ANYONE ELSE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, DIDN'T MATTER ANY MORE! I WAS RE-COUNTING IT TO MYSELF... GOING BACK WITH MORBID FASCINATION TO THAT HOT, SCORCHING DAY WHEN I LOST MY WAY IN THE ANDALUSIAN FOOTHILLS...

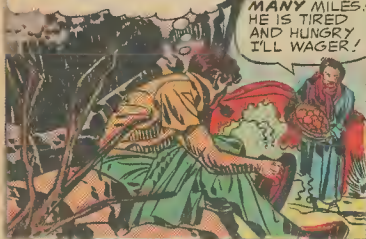


WHAT A WILD AND DESOLATE PLACE TO WANDER ABOUT IN! THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF HUMAN HABITATION...

NATURE, THERE WAS MOST UNKIND TO A MAN IN MY PREDICAMENT! ENDLESS HOURS OF WALKING BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT EXHAUSTION! I FOUND **SHELTER** IN THE SHADE OF A HUGE BOULDER AND SAT DOWN! THEN I HEARD THE VOICE...

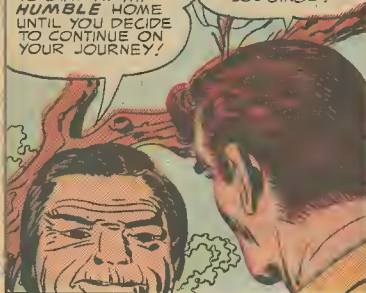
WELL! I'M IN LUCK! THAT OLD WOMAN SURE IS A **WELCOME** SIGHT!

THE YOUNG SENOR WEARS THE DUST OF MANY MILES! HE IS TIRED AND HUNGRY! I'LL WAGER!



THERE IS NO TOWN NEARBY... NOT, FOR MANY LEAGUES, BUT, YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY AT MY **HUMBLE** HOME UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO CONTINUE ON YOUR JOURNEY!

I THANK YOU AGAIN, SENORA! I'M WILLING TO **PAY** FOR MY LODGINGS!



THESE ORANGES ARE GOOD, SENOR! YOU WILL MAKE MY OLD HEART HAPPY IF YOU TAKE ONE! IT IS **NOT** OFTEN THAT I COME UPON TRAVELERS IN THIS PLACE!

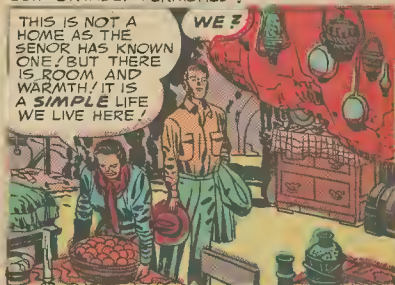
THIS IS VERY KIND OF YOU, SENORA! CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A **TOWN** NEARBY? I HAVE TRAVELED FAR THIS DAY AND, I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF THE LAND.



"MY LODGINGS TURNED OUT TO BE A **HUGE** CAVERN IN THE SIDE OF A HILL! THERE WAS TALK OF THE GYPSIES WHO LIVED IN SUCH PRIMITIVE QUARTERS! NOW, I WAS ACTUALLY A GUEST IN ONE, STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS COMFORTABLY FURNISHED!

THIS IS NOT A HOME AS THE SENOR HAS KNOWN ONE! BUT THERE IS ROOM AND WARMTH! IT IS A **SIMPLE** LIFE WE LIVE HERE!

WE?



MY DAUGHTER CHATA AND MYSELF, SENOR! AH, I CAN HEAR HER BEGINNING TO STIR ABOUT! SHE IS **LAZY**, THAT ONE! BUT WHAT A BEAUTY, SENOR...



"THE OLD WOMAN WAS RIGHT! I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING TO MATCH HER IN LOOKS! THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT TURNED ONE'S SPINE INTO AN IKLE OF FEAR!

LOOK AT HER! SHE IS **PLEASED**! VISITORS ARE FEW IN OUR HOUSEHOLD!



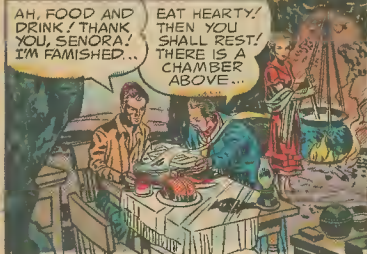
"IT WAS THE GIRL'S EYES THAT HAUNTED ME! THEY WERE A BRILLIANT GREEN! AND, THEY STARED AT ME WITHOUT EVEN BLINKING! THE MOTHER TALKED EXCITEDLY TO HER IN STACCATO SPANISH! THE GIRL LISTENED, REPLIED... **BUT NEVER TOOK HER GAZE FROM ME...**



"I'M WELL VERSED IN THE DIALECTS OF SPAIN! BUT, THEIRS WAS A TONGUE THAT WAS UNFAMILIAR! LIKE THEIR STANDARD OF LIVING, I SUPPOSED, THEIR SPEECH HAD DETERIORATED! FROM THAT CRUDE, UNINTELLIGIBLE JARGON, I CAUGHT A WORD OR TWO... ESPECIALLY, THE WORD 'TONIGHT', WHICH BROUGHT AN EAGER, ALMOST HUNGRY LIGHT TO THEIR EYES! I PRETENDED TO BE CASUAL AND DISINTERESTED..."

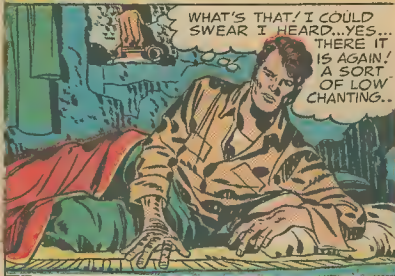
AH, FOOD AND DRINK! THANK YOU, SENORA! I'M FAMISHED...

EAT HEARTY! THEN YOU SHALL REST! THERE IS A CHAMBER ABOVE...



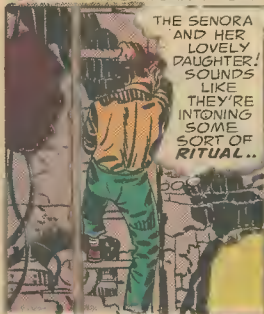
"TWO WOMEN, LIVING ALONE AND THRIVING IN A TERRITORY ABANDONED BY MAN TO THE THINGS WHICH GREW AND RAN WILD... THIS OBSERVATION LED AN ARMY OF QUESTIONS MARCHING INTO MY MIND! THE ANSWERS **DIDN'T** FOLLOW! I DIDN'T LIKE THAT! THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS FULL OF TALK ABOUT ROBBING, KILLING AND EVEN, WITCHCRAFT! I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL!"

WHAT'S THAT! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD...YES... THERE IT IS AGAIN! A SORT OF LOW CHANTING...



"**STEALTHILY**, I ROSE FROM WHERE I'D SLEPT AND CREPT TO THE OPENING WHICH OVERLOOKED THE CHAMBER BELOW!

THE SENORA AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTER! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE INTONING SOME SORT OF RITUAL...



WELL, I'LL BE...THEY'RE PLAYING A **CHILD'S** GAME! "CAT'S CRADLE!" THEY SEEM MIGHTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT...



"IT WAS LIKE LOOKING INTO A GROTESQUE NURSERY... WHERE EVIL CHILDREN SANG TO THE OUTER DARKNESS AND CAT'S CRADLE WAS THE SYMBOL OF SOME NAMELESS HORROR..."

IT LOOKS LIKE PART OF SOME SUPERSTITIOUS RITUAL! SO THE LADIES AREN'T CRIMINALS... M-MERELY WITCHES...

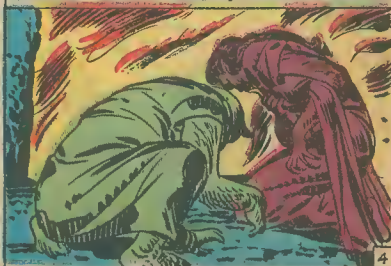


"I COULD HANDLE WITCHES, I THOUGHT! THEIR WEAPON WAS **FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN**, AND THE WORST I COULD SUFFER WAS A CASE OF THE CREEPS! BUT I WAS WRONG! DEAD WRONG! THAT WAS THE MOMENT I SHOULD HAVE RUN..."

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS... I CAUGHT HIS NAME IN THEIR CHANT! AND THEY'RE SHAPING THE STRING INTO VARIOUS CABALISTIC DESIGNS. GOOD GRIEF! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THOSE WOMEN!



"IN THE FIREPLACE, THE FLAMES, SUDDENLY, LEAPED AND ROARED WITH A NEW LIFE OF THEIR OWN! AND, THE WOMEN... BEFORE MY VERY EYES, WERE UNDERGOING SOME **FRIGHTFUL CHANGE!**"



"HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE TERROR THAT SEIZED ME WHEN I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY THINGS THAT WERE NO LONGER HUMAN...THINGS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN GIANT CATS...BUT WEREN'T!"



"THEY ALMOST CAUGHT ME AT THE LADDER, AND I FOUGHT WITH THE FURY OF THE INSANE AGAINST THE RAKING CLAWS!"



"I RAN THROUGH COUNTLESS OPENINGS...ENDLESS STONY CORRIDORS...AND THERE WAS GRIM EVIDENCE STREWN ABOUT OF OTHER VICTIMS OF SUCH CHASES..."



"IT DROVE ME ON WITH A GREATER FRENZY. SUDDENLY I FELT THE COOL TOUCH OF A BREEZE ABOVE ME WAS AN OPENING LEADING TO THE OUTSIDE!"



"HEARING THE THING UTTER HUMAN WORDS, THREW ME INTO MOTION! I RAN SCREAMING FOR THE LADDER...WITH THOSE FIENDS CLOSE ON MY HEELS!"



"HOW I GOT TO THE UPPER CHAMBER, I'LL NEVER KNOW! MY BODY BURNED LIKE FIRE AND, MY LUNGS SEEMED CLOSE TO THE BURSTING POINT! BUT, I KEPT GOING...READY TO CLIMB THE BARE WALL IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT... I FOUND ONE..."



"THE HUNT WOULD SOON BE OVER! BUT, I DIDN'T CARE! I WOULD DIE BE- NEATH THE OPEN SKY... IN THE CLEAN NIGHT..."



"THEN, THEY WERE UPON ME... SCREECHING AND CLAWING AND THEIR **SATANIC** FACES WERE THE END OF ALL REASON... I PRAYED THAT DEATH WOULD BE QUICK IF NOT MERCIFUL."



"I THINK I HEARD THE SHOTS BEFORE I BLACKED OUT! I **DON'T** REMEMBER CLEARLY! WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS IN A SHEPHERD'S HUT... IN THE HOME OF THE MAN WHO'D KILLED THOSE... THOSE THINGS..."

"GOOD GRIEF, GEORGE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THIS **REALLY** HAPPENED W-WHY IT'S LIKE ONE OF THOSE SILLY... I MEAN..."



"YES, I KNOW! IT'S LIKE THE KIND OF STORY YOU SCARE THE KIDDIES WITH! BUT LET ME TELL YOU, MAL! THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE WHO CAN INVOKE THE POWERS OF THE DEVIL..."



"AND, I BELIEVE, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN 'CAT'S CRADLE' WAS NOT A CHILD'S GAME... BUT AN ART OF SORCERERS AND WITCHES... **HALF-HUMANS** WHO KNEW THE MANY DOORS WHICH OPENED ON A DEMON'S DOMAIN."



"MALCOLM EYED ME **WARILY**, WITH THE CAUTIOUS AIR OF A MAN CONFRONTED BY A MAD LUNATIC! I COULDN'T BLAME HIM! BUT, I ALSO, COULDN'T HELP FEELING ANGRY!"

"BELIEVE ME, MAL! I'M NOT A RAVING MAD-MAN! WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU IS NO FAIRY TALE!"

"OF COURSE, GEORGE! IF YOU SAY SO... BUT STILL... WITHOUT PROOF... I DON'T SEE HOW..."



"**PROOF! PROOF!** DID YOU THINK AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT WOULD NOT LEAVE ITS MARK? I'LL SHOW YOU, MAL! I'LL SHOW YOU **PROOF!**"



"THERE, MALCOLM! THERE ARE THE SCARS... STILL RED AND UGLY... MINE TO CARRY AS LONG AS I LIVE!"



"MALCOLM'S **HORRIFIED** GAZE FOLLOWED THE THREADLIKE PATTERN OF THE CLAW MARKS... IT WAS A FAMILIAR AND SHOCKING PATTERN... HE'D SEEN IT SO OFTEN BEING FORMED BY THE NIMBLE FINGERS OF HIS CHILDREN AS THEY PLAYED THE WITCHES' GAME OF CAT'S CRADLE!"

THE END.

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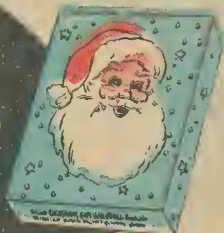
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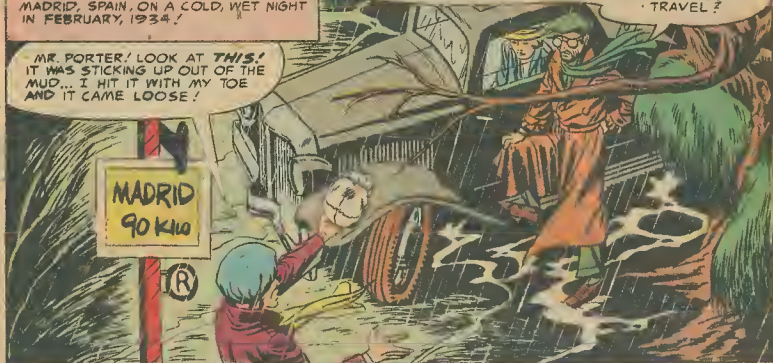
The gun poked through the curtain of time and fired across a million years to put ---

A HOLE IN HIS HEAD

AS MARTHA HARDY TOLD THE STORY, IT WAS CARL MORTON WHO FOUND THE SKULL JUST OFF A DIRT ROAD SOME FORTY-FIVE MILES FROM THE CITY OF MADRID, SPAIN, ON A COLD, WET NIGHT IN FEBRUARY, 1934.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAN WAIT! I HAVE A LECTURE TO DELIVER AT THE INSTITUTE IN MADRID TOMORROW! REMEMBER? **AND WE'RE LOST!** HOW FAR DO WE STILL HAVE TO TRAVEL?

MR. PORTER! LOOK AT **THIS!** IT WAS STICKING UP OUT OF THE MUD... I HIT IT WITH MY TOE AND IT CAME LOOSE!



NINETY KILOMETERS, ACCORDING TO THE SIGNPOST! BUT... PORTER, I'VE BEEN WITH YOU LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW A FOSSIL WHEN I SEE ONE! LOOK! THIS THING IS **ANCIENT!**

YOU'RE A MAN OF **MANY** TALENTS, AREN'T YOU, CARL? LET ME SEE THAT...



JOHN PORTER WAS AN ANTHROPOLOGIST, CARL MORTON WAS HIS MANAGER... AND MARTHA HARDY WAS HIS SECRETARY... AS WELL AS HIS FIANCEE! ALL THREE WERE TIRED AND TENSE! EUROPEAN LECTURE TOURS ARE NOT EASY! THAT WAS TO BE IMPORTANT, LATER!



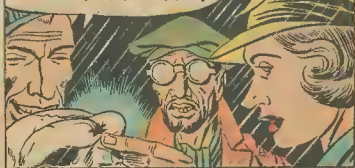
I'D STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT THIS IS THE SKULL OF A NEANDERTHAL MAN! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, PERHAPS MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD! BUT... SUCH THINGS JUST AREN'T FOUND THIS WAY!

THIS ONE WAS! THE RAIN MUST HAVE WASHED AWAY THE EARTH AROUND IT! I'LL BET THAT OLD BOY NEVER FIGURED HE'D BE PICKED UP BY SOMEONE LIKE ME WHEN HE CONKED OUT!



THERE'S WHAT PROBABLY KILLED HIM! THAT HOLE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! WHAT A BREAK! I CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES! ANTHROPOLOGIST FINDS SKULL OF MILLION YEAR OLD **MURDER VICTIM!**

YOUR INTEREST IN MY CAREER TOUCHES ME, CARL... BUT LET'S NOT **OVERDO** IT!



NOW SEE HERE, PORTER...
I'M GETTING FED UP! YOU'VE
BEEN **PICKING** ON ME FOR
WEEKS! OKAY... SUPPOSE YOU
GET IT OFF
YOUR CHEST! AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW...
WHAT'S EATING
YOU? I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT'S BOTHERING
ME...IT'S **MARTHA!**



I? JOHN! YOU THOUGHT
WHAT **ARE** I DIDN'T KNOW,
YOU... EH? MY MANAGER
SAYING! AND MY FIANCEE
SNEAKING OFF
TOGETHER AT
EVERY OPPORTUNITY
... MAKING A FOOL
OF THE "STUPID
BOOKWORM ..."



SO **THAT'S IT!** THAT'S WHY YOU'VE
BEEN ACTING LIKE A CHARACTER
OUT OF MACBETH! YOU THINK
MARTHA AND
I HAVE BEEN
SNEAKING
BEHIND YOUR
BACK! YOU
DIRTY
MINDED...
CARL, NO! DON'T!
JOHN... JOHN IS
JUST OVERTIRED!
HE DOESN'T
REALLY BELIEVE
THAT...



AS MARTHA TOLD IT
AFTERWARD, THERE
WAS NOTHING BETWEEN
HER AND CARL...
BUT THE DAMAGE
HAD BEEN DONE!
THERE WAS A
STRUGGLE, AND
THE EMBANKMENT
WAS SOFT, MUDDY!



MARTHA HARDY COULD
NEVER EXPLAIN IT... SHE KNEW
ONLY THAT THE EARTH GAVE
WAY... THAT SUDDENLY SHE
WAS ONE OF THREE PEOPLE
TUMBLING DOWN A MUDDY
INCLINE... **INTO ANOTHER**
WORLD!

JOHN!
CARL!
LOOK!
GREET SCOTT!
I SEE IT... BUT
I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!



JOHN!
WHERE
ARE WE?
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW!
BUT THIS... THIS
IS LIKE A SCENE
RIGHT OUT OF
PREHISTORIC
TIMES! THOSE
TREES... THERE
HAVEN'T BEEN
TREES LIKE THAT
ON EARTH FOR
THOUSANDS OF
CENTURIES!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAY! IT'S
A GOOD TRY,
JOHN... BUT
IT WON'T
WORK! I
HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN
WHAT YOU
SAID!
NO, CARL, DON'T
BE A FOOL...
OUR PERSONAL
DIFFERENCES
CAN WAIT! SOME-
THING IS WRONG!
THIS IS **SPAIN!**
IT'S FEBRUARY!
BUT... IT'S **WARM!**
TROPICAL! I
THINK WE'D BETTER
TRY TO FIND THE
CAR!



THERE HAD TO BE AN EXPLANATION... OF COURSE... BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE FOUND AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE!

GONE! THE ROAD, THE CAR, EVEN THE SKULL, THEY'RE GONE! JOHN, WHAT DOES IT MEAN? IT... IT'S LIKE A DREAM! A NIGHTMARE! **AS IF WE'D GONE BACK IN TIME!**

PERHAPS WE HAVE! MY MIND SAYS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT WE CAN'T ALL BE HAVING THE SAME HALLUCINATIONS...



BACK IN TIME, MY EYE! I DON'T GET IT EITHER... BUT I SAY! LET'S START WALKING! THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

NO! WE'LL BE SAFER IF WE CAN WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT... THERE WAS AN OPENING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE 'EMBANKMENT'... MAYBE A CAVE! WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT IN THERE... WE'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT!



BUT HOW DOES ANYONE THINK OUT THE IMPOSSIBLE?

JOHN, I... I'M FRIGHTENED! YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS! YOU CAN'T REALLY MEAN WE'VE STUMBLED BACK IN TIME, SOMEHOW... TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING...



MAYBE HE WASN'T JOKIN', MARTHA! LOOK AT THESE! I FOUND THEM AT THE BACK OF THE CAVE!

FLINT, A FLINT KNIFE... AND AN AXE! CARL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? THESE ARE **STONE AGE** WEAPONS!

I KNOW! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... **NOW!** IF THERE'S A WAY BACK, WE'D BETTER FIND IT... **FAST.**

CARL MORTON STUMBLED FROM THE CAVE, AND THE OTHERS FOLLOWED... AND...



YAA-AAA
JOHN... JOHN... THAT'S CARL!

AND IN PAIN... HORRIBLE PAIN! COME ON...

A GUN! JOHN, YOU... HAVE A GUN!



I WAS GOING TO USE IT ON CARL! I'VE HAD IT FOR WEEKS! I'VE BEEN HALF OUT OF MY MIND WITH JEALOUSY! BUT THAT DOESN'T SEEM IMPORTANT NOW... SO, EHOW! **WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!**



IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO FIND MORTON! HE WAS JUST A FEW STEPS AWAY IN THE UNDER-BRUSH!

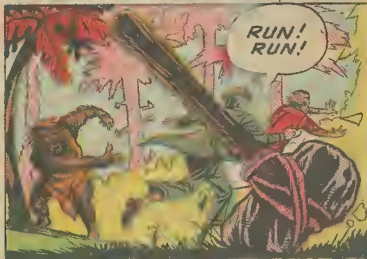
CARL! WHAT HAPPENED?



IT'S HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE! THAT... **THING...** MY LEG... THE PAIN!



HE'S FAINTED... AND NO WONDER... BOTH HIS LEGS ARE BROKEN... M-MARTHA! **BEHIND YOU!**



RUN! RUN!

THERE WAS NO PURSUIT... BUT MARTHA HARDY AND JOHN PORTER RAN ON THE WINGS OF TERROR... UNTIL THE BREATH OF FIRE WAS IN THEIR LUNGS! UNTIL THEY COULD RUN NO MORE!

JOHN, WHAT WAS IT? IT LOOKED LIKE A MAN! BUT IT **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN!

IT **WAS** A MAN! A MAN OUT OF THE STONE AGE! MARTHA, I WAS RIGHT! SOMEHOW WE HAVE STEPPED OUT OF OUR OWN TIME INTO ANOTHER..

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! BUT IT'S HAPPENED! I... I KNOW WHY CARL'S LEGS WERE BROKEN! THAT **BEAST** MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM! AND TO A CREATURE LIKE THAT... **FOOD IS FOOD!**

YOU THINK.. HE BROKE CARL'S LEGS SO THAT CARL WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RUN AWAY! UNTIL THAT MONSTER IS **HUNGRY!** JOHN, NO!

YES, AND **WE'LL** BE NEXT! HE'LL PROBABLY CARRY CARL TO THAT CAVE! THEN HE'LL COME AFTER US! WE'RE **FRESH MEAT** TO HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET FAR AWAY!

NO! WE **CAN'T** LEAVE CARL TO THE MERCY OF THAT THING... JOHN, YOU'RE A CIVILIZED MAN... **THINK!**

IN THAT TIME, IN THAT PLACE, MARTHA'S PLEA MUST HAVE SEEMED RIDICULOUS... BUT SHE WAS RIGHT...

YES... I'M CIVILIZED... SO CIVILIZED THAT I WANTED TO **KILL** HIM OUT OF JEALOUSY... BUT NOW, WHEN EVERY INSTINCT IN ME SCREAMS TO ESCAPE, I **CAN'T LEAVE HIM!**



IT TOOK
UNTIL
MORNING
TO FIND
THE CAVE
AGAIN--
AND
SANCTUARY..

SO FAR, SO GOOD. A FEW
MORE MINUTES AND WE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!



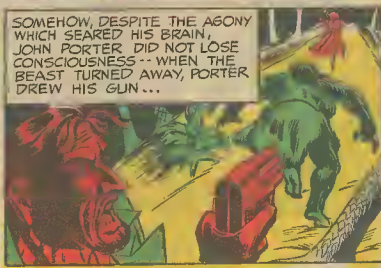
JOHN!
HE'S
HERE!



HELP! HELP!



SOMEHOW, DESPITE THE AGONY
WHICH SEARED HIS BRAIN,
JOHN PORTER DID NOT LOSE
CONSCIOUSNESS-- WHEN THE
BEAST TURNED AWAY, PORTER
DREW HIS GUN...



HE FIRED--AND THE MAN-- THE THING-- WHAT-
EVER IT WAS, WHEELED IN ITS TRACKS...

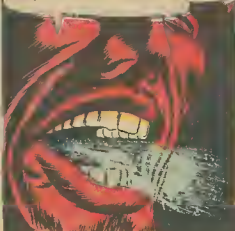




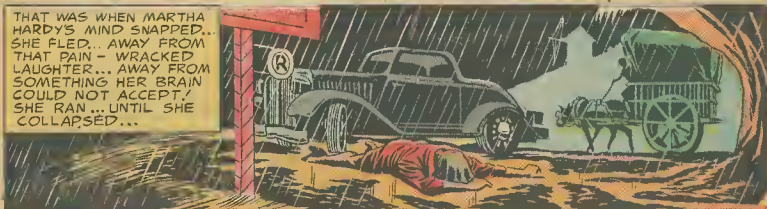
BUT... I **SHOT** IT... RIGHT BE-
TWEEN THE EYES! I KILLED
IT! NOW WE KNOW, DON'T WE
MARTHA? **AT LEAST WE
WON'T DIE WONDERING!**

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND,
MARTHA? THAT LITTLE ROUND
HOLE IN THE SKULL... CARL
FOUND! NOW WE KNOW WHAT
**MADE IT... I DID... WITH
A BULLET... A MILLION
YEARS AGO...**

**A MILLION
YEARS AGO!**



THAT WAS WHEN MARTHA
HARDY'S MIND SNAPPED...
SHE FLED... AWAY FROM
THAT PAIN - WRACKED
LAUGHTER... AWAY FROM
SOMETHING HER BRAIN
COULD NOT ACCEPT!
SHE RAN... UNTIL SHE
COLLAPSED...



A FARMER FOUND HER, BUT IT WAS WEEKS
BEFORE SHE COULD TELL HER STORY...

WELL, DOCTOR, AS YOU KNOW, WE BELIEVE
THAT SHE **MURDERED** HER TWO
COMPANIONS... HOW ELSE
COULD TWO MEN JUST
VANISH? BUT THE
DECISION IS YOURS!
SHE IS SANE... NO?

I'M
AFRAID NOT!
CAPTAIN, YOU
HEARD HER STORY.
A PITY, BUT SHE
IS QUITE MAD!



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THE NIGHT MARE

He woke with an agonizing moon, sweat running from his brow, his long fingers running through his hair, pulling at it in frenzy. His wife, Joan, stood over him, and with a soft towel wiped away the perspiration from his face. "It's all right, darling," she said, "It's all right."



He clung to her as a terrified child might cling to his mother. "It's getting worse," he told her, "not better. They said when I realized what it was, it would go away. But it's worse. Joan! It isn't fair to you!"

"I'm your wife, Robert. I love you. I only wish the nightmares were mine. This way I can't spare or spare you anything."

"You do love me, don't you? You're--you're not just kidding me because you feel sorry for me?"

"I told you it was all over," she whispered. "You've got to forget about it, Robert. It was only because you were gone so long. I haven't seen Paul for over a year. Please, darling, try to forget it."

He shivered and sat up. She threw his bathrobe around his shoulders and lighted a cigarette for him. He took it with trembling fingers and laughed dryly. "If I keep on having these dreams," he said, "I'll be in the hospital for good. Then you can see Paul again. Because this time it will be forever."

"Don't talk that way," she said, bending over to kiss him. "I don't love anyone but you, now. And you're getting better. You know you are. Dr. Benson said you were coming along fine. Try to forget the whole thing, Robert."

"The guns," he cried out, "the rifle fire. I can't take it! I can't take it!" He bent his head, his whole position one of

intense agony.

"I know," she said, "I know. Please, darling, go to sleep now. You'll be all right. Don't talk about it. Please don't talk about it."

"I have to talk about it," he said. "It's the morch. All over. If you can't keep up--rifle fire. That's all I heard--rifles."

"But you're home, now. The doctor said you would hear rifle fire for a long time. You've got to understand, Robert."

"How long was I a prisoner? Ah, the times I thought, dreamed about you--and you were out with Paul."

She bit her lips together until they were crimson. "I told you it was over. Paul told you it was over. Don't you believe me? I didn't think you were coming back. Oh, Robert, please don't let's go into it again."

He eased himself back into bed, but he was still shivering. He pulled her down beside him, held her tight and then his lips found hers. "Of course I believe you, darling. But these dreams... these nightmares! If only I could stop morching. If only I didn't have to hear those rifles. I'll lose my mind, Joan. If it doesn't stop, I'll lose my mind--or commit suicide."

She pried herself loose from his arms. She drew the covers up around him and kissed him softly on the cheek. He was silent, his eyes closed. She sat beside him, then, holding his hand until he fell asleep. She was sure, by his regular breathing, that he was asleep.

Then she went to the window. She flung the window open to the night and let the breeze disrupt her hair. She looked back, just once, to make sure he was sleeping soundly. Then she loosened the shutter, the creaky shutter that flopped in the wind and made noises like rifle fire. Her hand loosened the catch. "Paul!", her lips shaped the words, "Paul--soon."

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"With God..."

all things are possible!"

Dear Friends:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?
Are You Worried About Your Health?
Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?
Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?
Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?
Is Some One Dear to You Drinking Too Much?
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Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS—NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and

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You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name, address and 10c (coin or stamps) now to LIFE-STUDY FELLOW-SHIP, Box 1508 Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

No one heard the laughter and the dancing feet or the skirl of bagpipes-- except this man. This is the weird account of what happened to him when he decided to stalk---

MERRY GHOSTS of CAMPBELL CASTLE

LISTEN, FRED! THE SOUND OF THE BAGPIPES AGAIN!

OF COURSE, IAN! THE ANCIENT CLANSMEN HAVE GATHERED TO CELEBRATE! THERE THEY ARE! CAN'T YOU SEE THEM?



'WE STAND HERE THIS GREY WINDY SEPTEMBER MORNING, IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, GAZING PENSIVELY, AND SOMEWHAT SADLY, AT GAUNT, GLOOMY--AND FRIGHTENING--CAMPBELL CASTLE...

LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR IT? THE MUSIC!

YES, SIR, MR. STORM! BUT WE'LL COME TO THAT PART LATER! NOW TELL US--JUST AS YOU REMEMBER IT--THE STORY OF FREDERICK CAMPBELL...



FRED AND I WERE FRIENDS SINCE CHILDHOOD-- I SAW HIM GROW FAMOUS AS A WRITER! BUT HIS FAME NEVER PARTED US! WE REMAINED FAST FRIENDS... THEN, THREE MONTHS AGO, WE CAME TO SCOTLAND FROM THE U.S.... HE WANTED TO WRITE A BOOK...





"WE TOOK LODGING AT THE INN THAT NIGHT! AND, IN THE MORNING, WE SAW ANCIENT CAMPBELL CASTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME! I STILL RECALL WITH SOMETHING OF A SHUDDER, FRED'S WORDS, AS WE STARED AT THE CASTLE!"

MY FAMILY LINE CAN BE TRACED RIGHT BACK TO THAT CASTLE, IAN. THAT'S WHAT MY BOOK SHALL BE ABOUT, THE CAMPBELL CLAN!

LOOKS LIKE A GRIM PLACE, DOESN'T IT? BUT I IMAGINE IT SAW A BIT OF GAITY IN ITS TIME!



JUST WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU, IAN... I BELIEVE I'M SOMEHOW A PART OF THE PAST... THE PAST IN WHICH THE OLD CAMPBELL STILL LIVES!

STILL LIVES? YOU SOUND LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN BOOKS! COME NOW... DRINK YOUR ALE!



PERHAPS, SIR, BUT WE, OF THE VILLAGE BELIEVE IN THE STORIES ABOUT THE FEASTS OF THE CLAN... AND WE BELIEVE THEY FEAST THIS DAY!

THEN YOU PEOPLE ARE VERY PRONE TO TALL TALES ABOUT GHOSTS!



I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE ON THOSE STORIES BEING TRUE, IAN! I'M GOING TO THE CASTLE! I CAN STILL HEAR THOSE PIPES...



THEN YOU CAN FEEL IT TOO, EH? A SENSATION OF BEING ONE WITH THE PAST... A SORT OF UNION WITH THINGS LONG GONE...

I SAY, FRED, YOU'RE PUTTING WORDS IN MY MOUTH! I FEEL NOTHING OF THE SORT! SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, WHAT'S COME OVER YOU!



WAIT... LISTEN! HEAR THE MUSIC? THE SKIRL OF THE BAGPIPES... THE CLAN HAS GATHERED FOR A FEAST AT THE CASTLE!

BOSH! THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE TREES MAKES THE SAME REEDY MUSICAL SOUND... IT'S SIMPLE LOGIC!



I'M GOING WITH YOU, MY FRIEND! YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A WELL MAN...

"AND THUS, DID WE SET OFF ACROSS THE MISTY CRAGS FOR MYSTERIOUS CAMPBELL CASTLE... BUT AS WE MADE OUR WAY ACROSS THE ROCKS, FRED CAMPBELL SUDDENLY COLLAPSED...

THE OLD PAINS... MY HEART... GUESS I WAS MOVING TOO FAST!

THAT SETTLES IT! LET'S GO BACK TO THE INN... AND OUR ALE!



NO... IT'S BETTER NOW!
JUST A MILD ATTACK!
IAN... **THE MUSIC!**
THE PIPES! LISTEN!
COME ON!

WHAT-
EVER YOU
SAY, FRED!

"THEN WE WERE THERE,
STANDING ON THE DRAW-
BRIDGE OF THE ANCIENT
CASTLE! THE WIND HOWLED
MOURNFULLY AROUND US...

ALL RIGHT...
SO WE'VE SEEN
THE CASTLE!
NOW SHALL
WE RETURN
TO THE
INN?

IT IS
FOLLY
TO TURN
BACK NOW!
I **CAN'T**
TURN BACK!
LET'S GO
IN!

"THE GLOOMY, DUST-LADEN CORRIDORS
WERE AS DEAD AS ANYTHING CAN
BE DEAD! THERE WAS NO MOVE-
MENT... NO SOUND... ONLY THE WIND
OUTSIDE, AS IT BLEW THROUGH THE
WINDOWS AND THE NARROW SLITS!

IF THAT
BLASTED
WIND WOULD
ONLY DIE
DOWN!

IT IS NOT THE WIND.
DIDN'T I TELL YOU?
IT IS THE MUSIC OF
THE BAGPIPES! SEE
THEM, IAN? **SEE**
THEM? COME... TO
THE BALLROOM!

"THUS DID WE ENTER THE SPACIOUS, EMPTY
BALLROOM... WHERE ONCE THE GLORY OF A
MIGHTY CLAN MUST'VE REACHED ITS HEIGHT,
I SAW NOTHING BUT THE EMPTINESS! BUT
FRED... **FRED SAW... OR SAID HE SAW!**

I'M SO HAPPY
TO SEE YOU,
TONIGHT, FRED!
SHALL WE
DANCE?

YES!
YES!
LET'S
DANCE!

I SAY, FRED!
REALLY! NOW
YOU'RE TALKING
TO **YOURSELF!**

"REMEMBER, TO MY EYES, FRED CAMPBELL
DANCED **ALONE** IN THE MUSTY, ANCIENT BALL-
ROOM... HE DANCED LIKE A MAN GONE MAD!

FRED! FRED!

"BUT TO **HIS** EYES... SO HE SWORE... THE ROOM
WAS FILLED WITH DANCING, LAUGHING, CHATTERING
FIGURES FROM THE PAST!

FRED! DON'T
THERE **ARE NO** BAGPIPES... NO PEOPLE...
NOTHING FRED! JUST YOU AND I... AND THAT
ACCURSED WIND! FRED... LISTEN...

FRED! FRED!
LISTEN TO
ME...

THE DANCE IS OVER
NOW, IAN! I HAVE SEEN
THEM... I HAVE JOINED
HANDS WITH HISTORY...
LET US RETURN TO
THE INN...

'BEAR IN MIND HOW I FELT, FRED CAMPBELL WAS MY LIFELONG FRIEND/ TO SEE THIS HAPPENING TO HIM FILLED ME WITH PANIC! SO,

THE INN, I TOOK STRONG MEASURES TO COUNTER THESE INCREDIBLE HAPPENINGS!

THIS IS DOCTOR MACTAVISH, FRED! I ADMIT I TOLD YOU I CALLED HIM IN TO CHECK YOUR HEART... BUT... WELL, DOCTOR MACTAVISH IS ALSO A **PSYCHIATRIST**... FRED... I...



YES... I KNOW! YOU THINK I DON'T REALLY HEAR THE BAG-PIPES... THAT I DON'T SEE THE DANCERS! IS THAT NOT TRUE? I **ASSURE** YOU, DOCTOR, I'M **NOT MAD**... YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME...



"THEN, WE WERE ALONE... JUST FRED AND I! I SAY WE WERE **ALONE**... BUT **WERE** WE? FOR SUDDENLY, FRED TURNED... AS IF HEARING A VOICE!

WE BELIEVE YOU, FRED!

YES, YES, OF COURSE! I KNEW **YOU'D** BELIEVE ME!

FRED! FOR PITY SAKE! T-THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US! YOU... YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'RE ANSWERING SOME-ONE!



"ONCE AGAIN HE HAD THAT CALM, PEACEFUL EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE... AS IF THERE WERE OTHERS IN THE ROOM WITH US!

OH, FRED! I'VE MISSED YOU! COME... LET'S DANCE!

YES... LET'S DANCE...

GOOD GRIEF! HIS MIND HAS SNAPPED!



"I PLEADED WITH FRED... ATTEMPTED TO SHAKE HIM OUT OF THIS MADNESS... AND THAT IS WHEN HE COLLAPSED, OFFICER... COLLAPSED FOR THE LAST TIME...

GREAT SCOTT... HIS HEART! THIS TIME IT GOT HIM! I FEEL NO PULSE... **DOCTOR!**



"WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME IN, AND AFTER HE EXAMINED FRED..."

HE'S DEAD, MR. STORM! HIS HEART...

I WAS FOOLISH TO EVER LET HIM COME HERE AND... DOCTOR, LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR **MUSIC** AROUND US?



YES... I DO SEEM TO HEAR IT! IT'S COMING FROM THE HALLWAY! LISTEN!

COULD IT BE THE WIND... IN THE TREES... AND IN THE CREVICES OF THE ROCKS?

"THE MUSIC SEEMED TO FADE AWAY FROM THE INN... SO WE FOLLOWED IT OUT ONTO THE TERRACE..."

THE MUSIC IS FLOATING ACROSS THE MOORS... TOWARD THE CASTLE!

I CAN HEAR IT, DOCTOR! HEAR IT EVER SO FAINTLY!

"CALL IT IMAGINATION, IF YOU WILL... CALL IT ANYTHING... BUT I SEEMED TO HEAR FRED CALLING ME..."

IAN... COME ON! COME JOIN US, IAN! COME TO THE CASTLE, IAN! FOLLOW THE MUSIC! COME!



"AND I RACED OUT INTO THE MOORS... AFTER THE TANTALIZING MUSIC... AFTER A VOICE WHICH I THOUGHT CALLED OUT FOR ME!"

HURRY, IAN! HURRY! JOIN THE FESTIVAL! JOIN THE CAMPBELL CLAN! COME, IAN... COME TO THE CASTLE!



"I TRIPPED AND FELL, AND STRUCK MY HEAD ON A ROCK, OFFICER... AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER UNTIL YOU FOUND ME HERE!"



AND DO YOU THINK YOU REALLY SAW THE DANCING FIGURES? YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT THE WIND MAKES THE MUSICAL SOUNDS, AS IT BLOWS THROUGH THE TREES, AND THROUGH THE CREVICES...

YES... I KNOW THAT! I REALLY KNOW IT! I AM CONVINCED OF IT! I COULD BELIEVE NOTHING ELSE... OR I SHOULD SURELY BE MAD! YET...

YET?

I MUST GO TO THE CASTLE, OFFICER! DON'T YOU HEAR THE BAGPIPES? THEY'RE CALLING ME...

"OF COURSE, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME ANSWER THE CALL! INSTEAD THEY WHISPERED KIND WORDS AND FORCEFULLY TOOK ME FROM THE SCENE! NOW, I AM RESTING... IN A RATHER NICE PLACE... FAR REMOVED FROM THE BLEAK MOORS OF SCOTLAND! BUT I STILL HEAR FRED'S VOICE... AND THOSE SKIRLING PIPES... CALLING... CALLING..."



The END

The End

Plays Places  "Was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends surprised! Play for social functions, dances." — Peter H. Kozura , Manitoba, Canada.	Excels Friend Who Has Teacher  "I didn't know a note. Now I play for parties. A friend (taking lessons from private teacher same length of time) is still doing simple exercises." — Marie Van Hulle , Manitoba, Canada.	Now Invited Out Lots  "It's been fun. Haven't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances." — Howard Hopkins , E. Syracuse, N.Y.	"Didn't Know A Note"  "I didn't know a note. Now I play many selections, to the delight of friends and relatives." — Lawrence M. Deno , West Chazy, N.Y.	Progresses Rapidly  "How rapidly I am progressing! Lessons so simple, anyone can understand them." — Andrew Schneider , Hanna, Wyoming.
Family and Friends Surprised  "I, my family and friends are surprised at my rapid progress!" — Pearlie May Clay , Centar, Tex.	Learns Faster Without Teacher  "Have no special talent—but now I play guitar better than many who have had teachers for longer time." — Myrella-Miquette Saint-Andre , Montreal.	"Friends Were Amazed"  "Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church." — Samuel Moores , Mt. Vernon, Tenn.	"How Happy I Am"  "How happy I am. I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!" — Core Franklin Duke , Bumpass, Va.	13-Year-Old Learns  "Never took lessons before. Now play better than friends (with private teachers) who began same time I did." — Joan Lucke , Big Stone, S. Dak.
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

☐ I do ☐ I do not—have instrument now.

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Wins Bet With Friends  "Bet friends I could learn piano quickly. Last night, one said, 'Why, sounds like you've been playing for years!'" — Louise Games , Oakland, Cal.	"New Play Any Piece I Like"  "Never studied music before. Your method is easy! Now play any piece I like." — Rose Boyer , Blackwell, Mo.	"Never Dreamed I Would Play"  "Wouldn't have believed it possible—learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it—I think it's me, but it's your wonderful lessons!" — Eileen Turner , St. Victor, Canada.	Plays for Church  "I'm 12 years old. I have played for our church. My sister also uses the course. She can play anything—and had never taken lessons before." — Patsy Jeffrey , Sweetwater, Tex.	Gave Famous Band Leader His Start  "Got my start with a U. S. School Course. It's easy to learn to read notes and play this 'teach-yourself' way!" — Lawrence Wilk , well-known orchestra leader.
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"Enjoyed Every Step"

 "Enjoyed every step of the way. Friends can't get over the improvement made in such a short time." — **Helan Prevat**, New Castle, Del.

Never Believed It Possible

 "Never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces." — **Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk**, Lodgepole, Nebr.

GHOST

PICTURES!

The STRANGE APPEARANCES OF "GHOST" IMAGES ON PHOTOGRAPHS ARE CONSIDERED BY SPIRITUALISTS AS EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS!

BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED THIS FACE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?



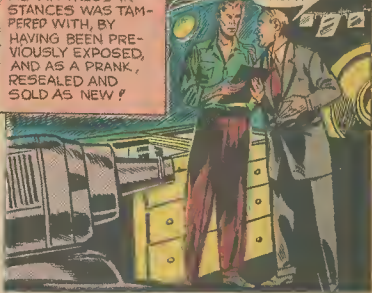
PHOTOGRAPHERS THEMSELVES ARE OFTEN MYSTIFIED TO FIND, FOR EXAMPLE, A GHOSTLY LIKENESS OF SOME DECEASED PERSON IN THE BACKGROUND OF AN INNOCENTLY PHOTOGRAPHED LANDSCAPE!



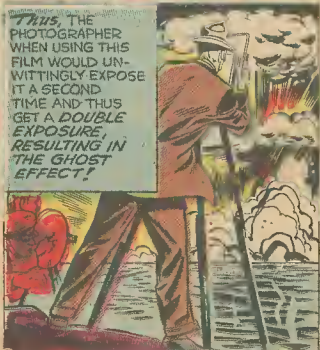
LOOKS JUST LIKE YOUR DAD, WHO HAS BEEN DEAD FOR 10 YEARS?

IT HAS BEEN CONTENTED THAT THE SO CALLED "NEW" FILM IN THESE INSTANCES WAS TAMPERED WITH, BY HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY EXPOSED, AND AS A PRANK, RESEALED AND SOLD AS NEW!

SOMEBODY MUST'VE PULLED YOUR LEG AND SOLD YOU PREVIOUSLY EXPOSED FILM!

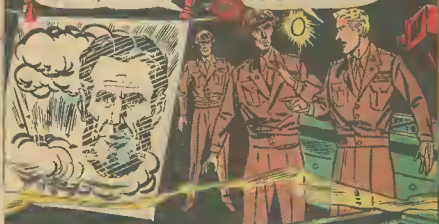


Thus, THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHEN USING THIS FILM WOULD UNWITTINGLY EXPOSE IT A SECOND TIME AND THUS GET A DOUBLE EXPOSURE, RESULTING IN THE GHOST EFFECT!



WHAT? A PICTURE OF LINCOLN, YOU SAY?

YES SIR, AND IT'S NOT A DOUBLE EXPOSURE!



THIS IS THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION...YET SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS INSIST THAT THESE ARE NOT DOUBLE EXPOSURES, AND SO THE RIDDLE GOES ON... CAN THE SPIRITUALISTS BE RIGHT?

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS
ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH** OR **PREMIUMS!**

MAIL
COUPON

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE.
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

SAY! THAT CAMERA
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!
YOU MUST HAVE
STRUCK A
URANIUM LOOE!

DIDN'T COST
ME A DIME-
JUST GOT IT FOR
SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY!
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS- AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART
PICTURES-

THAT'S
FOR ME!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES- I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

ACT
NOW!

HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras! Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent post-
age paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to
start.

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Levelling
Balls.



OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks,
Pen & Pencil
Sets, etc.
Mail
coupon.

**'MAIL COUPON!
GET BIG CATALOG!**

Candid Cameras with carrying case,
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neigh-
bors, relatives at 35¢ a box
(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen
& Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Tele-
scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,
Record Players, Movie Machines
(postage pd.). Rush cou-
pon to start!

LET'S
GO!

GUARANTEED BY
Good Housekeeping
Co. to be of perfect value

WE TRUST
YOU!

Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to start.

WE
TRUST YOU!

OUR
58th YEAR!

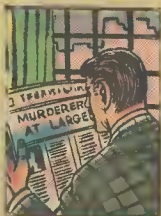
MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. Y145, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount earned
within 30 days, select Premium or keep Cash Commission
as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
FIRST LAST NAME HERE _____
Post coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

MURDER ?



He walked into his office with a can-tainer of block coffee and the morning newspaper, the way he did every morning at five minutes of nine. He said hello to the office help and opened the door to his own private cubby hole. Miss Steiner, his stenographer, came up to him quickly, before he had time to spread the paper out, with a sheaf of letters. She looked worried; almost embarrassed.

"Good morning, Mr. Andres," she said, "if you want to sign these, I'll send them out special. I didn't know you were going to be out."

Andres looked up pleasantly. "No hurry. In fact, you're fast. I dictated them at four o'clock yesterday. You must have worked all night."

Miss Steiner looked at him sharply. "You dictated them at four o'clock day before yesterday," she said with emphasis on the "before". But Andres didn't correct her. He spread the papers on his desk, signed them, and sat down to enjoy his coffee and go over the news.

The headlines hit him like a bomb. "MURDERER STILL AT LARGE." What murder? He hadn't heard about any murder. But it was there, in four inch type. "TUESDAY'S MURDER STILL UNSOLVED."

Tuesday--but that was today. He looked at his calendar. Monday. He looked at the newspaper. Wednesday. He gulped a hot mouthful of steaming coffee. He mustn't get excited. He'd learned to control himself the hard way. Months during his hospital stay he'd learned that. If you couldn't remember, you just couldn't. Period. But what the heck had happened to Tuesday?

Miss Steiner's words hung like thick smoke in his memory. "You dictated them day before yesterday." But he was here; he'd come in yesterday morning the same as every other morning, with his

coffee and newspapers. Only yesterday was Monday. The world was cockeyed. It couldn't be Wednesday.

He walked out of his cubby hole, shaking. He needed more coffee. Were his fellow employees staring at him? Did anyone suspect him? Elmtown was such a small place, he'd have to have an alibi. Everybody who wasn't in his own small corner on Tuesday would have to have an alibi. After all, it was murder.

But would he ever be able to convince anyone that he honestly did not know where he had been on Tuesday? Maybe the doctors at the hospital had records to prove what they had told him: that he might have periods of amnesia again. That there was no real, permanent cure for him. Maybe his landlady had seen him. Or the waitress in the restaurant where he took his meals. Somebody had to have seen him.

He met Bill Williams on his way out. "You must've had same day, yesterday, fella," Bill said. "You look bushed. Say--I've just come from the police station. Looks like the perfect crime, all right. They haven't the trace of a clue. Guess the old gal had a pretty colorful past. Her dad's nixed any probing on those years she spent in New York. By the way, drop in on your way back. I want to check the Gibbons file with you."

"I'm on my way back now," Andres said. He felt relieved. No one would ever know anything about him and Joyce. He wouldn't have known himself except for that one evening when they'd been introduced at the club. She'd managed to get him alone and then she'd told him. They'd been married during his first period of amnesia. Before he'd gone to the hospital, and under another name. Of course he didn't remember a thing about it. It was just a queer, crazy quirk of fate which had made him choose her name town to start life over.

He hadn't even been attracted to her when they'd met. They hadn't spoken again. Unless...unless...but now she was dead. And he would never really know what had happened on Tuesday.

Something's bound to go wrong when an amateur toys with the powers of the master. In this case, the master was a sorcerer who left his young and foolish assistant alone-- with these specific instructions---

DON'T call on the DEAD!

GEORGE WATKINS IS BEYOND THE PALE NOW! DEAD! SO PERHAPS HE HAS FOUND THE EXPLANATIONS, BUT ALL THAT WE, THE LIVING, KNOW IS WHAT HAPPENED HERE ON THIS SPHERE, BEGINNING WITH THE NIGHT THAT WALTER HANLY FOUND WATKINS HOVERING MIDWAY BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

GEORGE! YOU FOOL! I'VE WARNED YOU! THE DEAD ARE NOT TO BE CALLED BACK LIGHTLY!

WAKE UP! YOU'RE TOYING WITH THINGS YOU DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

WHAT... WHAT IS IT...



OH, IT... IT'S YOU, MR. HANLY! I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE OUT FOR THE EVENING! WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE! YOU WERE IN A **TRANCE!** IN THE BEGINNING OF A TRANCE!



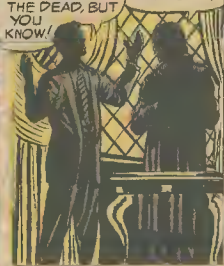
THEN I'VE DONE IT! THIS POWER THAT I FEEL IN ME IS... **REAL!**

I'VE **NEVER** DOUBTED IT! THAT'S WHY, I'VE TAUGHT YOU! SOME DAY YOU'LL BE A GREAT MEDIUM BUT YOU'RE NOT READY YET!



BUT WHY? I CAN FEEL THEM CROWDING AROUND ME, WHISPERING! NO ONE ELSE UNDERSTANDS! THE WORLD JEERS AT THE IDEA WE CAN CONTACT THE DEAD, BUT YOU KNOW!

YES, I KNOW! I KNEW ALL MY LIFE! SPIRITUALISM IS MY LIFE'S WORK BUT, EVEN SO, I STILL TREAD CAREFULLY!



BUT, YOU **DO** CALL BACK THE DEAD, I'VE HEARD THEM SPEAK THROUGH YOU AT YOUR SEANCES!

I CALL BACK THE DEAD, YES, BUT, IF THEY COME, IT'S FOR A PURPOSE, GEORGE! YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND! A MEDIUM IS A CONTROL, NO MORE! IT IS THE **DEAD** WHO DECIDE IF THEY WILL RETURN OR NOT!



WHEN THEY DO IT IS TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING HERE ON OUR PLANE, CALLING THEM WITHOUT REASON IS **DANGEROUS!** YOU HAVE THE GIFT... BUT NO PURPOSE! WAIT! PROMISE ME YOU'LL **WAIT!**



GEORGE WATKINS PROMISED! AFTER ALL, HE LIVED IN WALTER HANLY'S HOUSE, SUPPORTED BY WALTER HANLY'S BOUNTY! HE LISTENED, HE LEARNED! BUT HE WAS YOUNG AND, THE YOUNG ARE AMBITIOUS... **CURIOUS!**



WATKINS WAS CURIOUS, FILLED WITH A POWER INSIDE HIM THAT EVEN **HE** DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND, AND THE NIGHT HAUNTED HIM WITH THINGS UNSEEN...

THIS ROOM, IT'S FILLED WITH THEM, ALL AROUND ME! THEY'RE HERE, WAITING TO BE CALLED! IF I ASK, THEY'LL COME!



NAMES! I MUST HAVE THE NAMES OF THOSE I CALL BACK! ANY NAMES! **JOHN CLARK, DAVID BROWN,** SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME, THERE WERE MEN WHO HAD THOSE NAMES!



DAVID BROWN... JOHN CLARK... **COME!** I AM WAITING...



AFTER-WARDS, GEORGE WATKINS SPOKE OF THE HEAVINESS WHICH BEGAN TO PRESS HIM DOWN! THEN... NOTHING...

BLACK BOTTOM... A DEEP DARK PIT... FROM WHICH HE EMERGED DAZED... WEAK...

D-DOORBELL... THAT'S THE... DOORBELL!



YES? WHAT IS
IT? WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

YOU SENT FOR ME!
MY NAME IS **DAVID
BROWN!**

GEORGE WATKINS
HAD NOT
BEEN
FULLY
AWARE
UNTIL
THEN!
BUT NOW,
SUDDENLY,
THE AIR
WAS COLD!
SUDDENLY,
HE WAS
AFRAID!
SUDDENLY,
**THE
MAN
AT THE
DOOR
STEPPED
FORWARD
INTO
THE
LIGHT!**

BROWN? WHAT SORT OF A
JOKE IS THIS? THERE'S...
N-NO DAVID BROWN!
**I JUST MADE UP
THAT NAME!**

**I AM
DAVID
BROWN!**



Y-YOU'RE
OUT OF
YOUR
MIND!
**GET
OUT!**

BUT... THIS IS
WHERE I BELONG!
WITH YOU! YOU
**CALLED ME... I
CAME!**

THEN GO BACK WHERE
YOU CAME FROM! T-THIS
IS A DREAM! IN A MINUTE
I'LL WAKE UP AND YOU'LL
BE GONE!

PERHAPS, GEORGE WATKINS
WAS ILL! PERHAPS, HE JUST
IMAGINED PART OF WHAT
HAPPENED THAT EVENING. BUT
MCS' OF IT CANNOT BE SET
DOWN TO IMAGINATION! CERTAIN-
LY THE END CANNOT!

GO AWAY... GO BACK...
YOU AREN'T REAL!
**YOU CAN'T
BE!**



DEVIL! CORPSE! WHATEVER
YOU ARE, **GO
BACK!** STAY
AWAY...

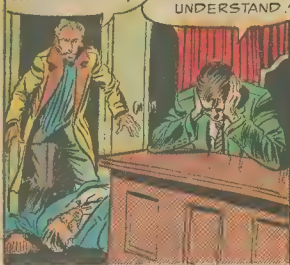
**DON'T
COME
NEAR
ME!**



NO, THE END WAS NOT IMAGINATION! THE KNIFE WAS THERE, AND GEORGE WATKINS WAS AFRAID! HE WAS SITTING AT THE DESK SHIVERING AS IF WITH THE CHILL, WHEN WALTER HANLY RETURNED!

GEORGE! WHAT HAPPENED?

HAPPENED? I DON'T THINK I KNOW! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



HE'S DEAD! I CALLED HIM, HE SAID! SO HE CAME FROM THE DEAD! I KILLED A CORPSE! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE DOES IT?

NO ONE! A SHADOW! I CALLED HIM, HE SAID! SO HE CAME FROM THE DEAD! I KILLED A CORPSE! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE DOES IT?



GEORGE TOLD HIS STORY! THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME... HIS STORY WAS BELIEVED! FOR THE FIRST TIME... AND THE LAST!

BUT I CALLED TWO MEN, WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE? JOHN CLARK! MR. HANLY, YOU SAID THE DEAD RETURN ONLY FOR A PURPOSE! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW! I ONLY HOPE WE CAN MAKE THE POLICE BELIEVE YOUR STORY AS I DO! THAT'S ALL I CAN HOPE FOR!



HOPE? YES, THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE! BUT SOMETIMES, ONLY A FORLORN HOPE, A GRASPING AT STRAWS! FOR GEORGE WATKINS, THERE WAS NO HOPE, REALLY! POLICE-MEN DO NOT BELIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE!

WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR YOU, WATKINS! YOUR STORY IS DIFFERENT ANYWAY! VERY INTERESTING!

INTERESTING? IT'S TRUE! EVERY WORD!



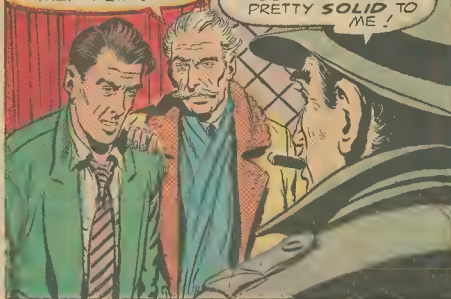
MR. HANLY, TELL HIM! MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND! TELL HIM THAT I'M NOT LYING!

AND, IF I DID... DO YOU THINK HE'D LISTEN, GEORGE? I WARNED YOU! THERE ARE THINGS NOT TO BE TAMPERED WITH! I WARNED YOU!



NO, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! THAT WON'T HELP! GEORGE, I'LL TRY! I'LL BACK YOU UP IN COURT! BUT THEY WON'T LISTEN! I KNOW THEY WON'T!

THEY'LL LISTEN, HANLY! BUT, I DOUBT IF YOU'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN AWAY THAT CORPSE ON THE FLOOR, FOR A SPOOK! HE LOOKS PRETTY SOLID TO ME!



WAIT... IF HE EXISTS, THEN JOHN CLARK MUST EXIST! FIND HIM! HE'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

SURE! SURE! BUT MEANWHILE IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



BUT THE POLICE NEVER FOUND JOHN CLARK! NOT THE JOHN CLARK! NO ONE BELIEVED IN SUCH A MAN REALLY! HOW COULD THEY?

JOHN CLARK! COME NOW, MR. WATKINS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE CARRIED THIS FAIRY TALE FAR ENOUGH? YOU KILLED A MAN! WHY?

I'VE TOLD YOU WHY! I'M NOT A MURDERER! THE MAN I KILLED WAS ALREADY DEAD! PERHAPS, FOR... FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM! TO FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES!

IF YOU'D JUST FIND JOHN CLARK! HE COULD EXPLAIN! ONLY HE!

EXPLAIN? THAT YOU CREATED HIM! THAT YOU BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD, AND GAVE A SPIRIT FROM BEYOND FLESH AND BLOOD! REALLY, MR. WATKINS, YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

THE STATE'S ATTORNEY SMILED! BUT, HE WAS NOT SMILING AT THE END! THERE IS NO HUMOR IN A DEATH SENTENCE!

...THERE TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!

GEORGE WATKINS' LAST WORDS, SOME WEEKS LATER, WERE ABOUT THE MAN HE CALLED JOHN CLARK! HE STOOD ON THE SCAFFOLD IN THE OLD LORRAINE PRISON AND KEPT SCREAMING THE WORDS! BUT NO ONE LISTENED!

NO, YOU FOOLS! FIND JOHN CLARK! FIND JOHN CLARK!

HE SCREAMED UNTIL THE TRAP DROPPED! THEN THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY WITNESSES AS THEY FILED OUT, SOBER, AS MEN ARE, ONLY IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH!

IT'S... OVER THEN, WARDEN?

YES! BUT I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE MY OFFICE, MR. HANLY! I'M AWARE THAT YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO CLAIM WATKINS' BODY BUT, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT HERE!

IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?

NO, BUT, JUST NOW, I FELT A SUDDEN CHILL, AS IF A COLD WIND HAD SPRUNG UP!

I'M SORRY IF I'VE BROKEN ANY RULES! I'LL WAIT IN YOUR OFFICE UNTIL I CAN CLAIM THE BODY! I CAN AT LEAST GIVE GEORGE A DECENT BURIAL!

WARDEN. WARDEN!

PORTER, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE TONIGHT.

SO THE GUARD TOLD ME! THIS THING DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I UNDERSTOOD THAT THE EXECUTION WAS SET FOR ELEVEN TONIGHT! IT'S ONLY **TEN NOW!**

BUT, THE GUARD TELLS ME THE EXECUTION IS ALREADY **OVER!**

IT IS... BUT I UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU WERE ILL, THAT YOU **WOULD NOT** BE HERE TONIGHT! THAT OTHER MAN HAD ALL THE PROPER PAPERS! I HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIM!

OTHER MAN? **WHAT OTHER MAN?**

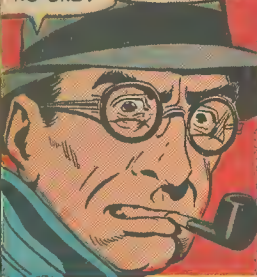
THE MAN WHO SUBSTITUTED FOR YOU! THE MAN WHO HANGED GEORGE WATKINS! HIS PAPERS WERE IN ORDER! **JOHN CLARK, EXECUTIONER!** HE SUGGESTED THE CHANGE IN TIME!

JOHN CLARK! WARDEN, THAT'S THE NAME OF THE OTHER MAN, THE MAN GEORGE SAID HE CALLED BACK! DO YOU THINK HE COULD HAVE BEEN...

OF COURSE NOT! I THOUGHT IT A RATHER STRANGE COINCIDENCE BUT, THAT'S ALL!



THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF **GRIM HOAX!** BUT, WHOEVER, THAT OTHER HANGMAN WAS HE'LL PAY FOR HIS JOKE! GUARD, GET TO THE GATE! NO ONE IS TO LEAVE! NONE OF THE WITNESSES! NO ONE!



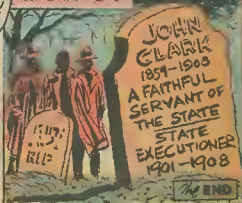
BUT JOHN CLARK WAS NOT TO BE FOUND, AT LEAST NOT INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS!

WARDEN, **LOOK THERE!**

THAT'S HIM! IN THE OLD PRISON CEMETERY! HOW DID HE GET OUT! COME ON! WE'LL GET HIM!



ONLY THE WARDEN WAS WRONG! JOHN CLARK VANISHED AS IF THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN ON EARTH NO LONGER EXISTED! WALTER HANLY FOUND THE ANSWER... PERHAPS!



PERHAPS THE ANSWER WAS WHAT WALTER HANLY HAD ONCE TOLD GEORGE WATKINS! **IF THE DEAD RETURN, IT IS FOR A REASON! REMEMBER THAT!**

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for 25 years used by more than 500,000

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HAIR!**



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Looking Lovelier,
Livelier, Ready for
Love. Try JUELENE.
See for yourself what
others know.
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QUICKER YOU CAN ENJOY
THE BENEFITS OF FINE CARE.**

Say good-bye to the miseries of dry, dull, neglected hair. The pleasures, admiration, opportunities for success, that you may attract with the added beauty of lovely hair that comes with Fine JUELENE Care is worth a few minutes and the few cents a day it costs to use it. You will bless the day you mailed your coupon that started you on the way to the thrill of success with a improved cared-for scalp and lovely, well-groomed hair. SEND NO MONEY. BUT, MAKE SURE YOU MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW. Don't miss out. Try it. Every cent back if it does not delight you in every way. We do not want a nickel till you get it. We won't keep a red cent unless you are as pleased as thousands, who for 25 years, have been served by the JUELENE SYSTEM

**Make This 7-Day Test
... SEND NO MONEY!**

**TEST JUELENE
FOR 7 DAYS**

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CONTROL YOUR SUCCESS
TO ENJOY
LOVELIER HAIR!**

1. THE NATURAL, NORMAL HEALTH OF YOUR SCALP AND CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR.
2. THE SKILL OF YOUR BEAUTICIAN.
3. THE QUALITY OF EQUIPMENT USED.
4. THE IMPORTANT, FINE, EASY DAILY AFTER CARE YOU GIVE YOUR HAIR AND SCALP. ANY IMPROVEMENT IN THE CONDITION OF YOUR SCALP CAN GIVE IT A CHANCE TO REFLECT LOVELIER APPEARANCE IN YOUR HAIR. TAKE THE FIRST STEP NOW.



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Dept. Y-506 Brooklyn 23, New York

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JUEL COMPANY, Dept. Y-506

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Address _____

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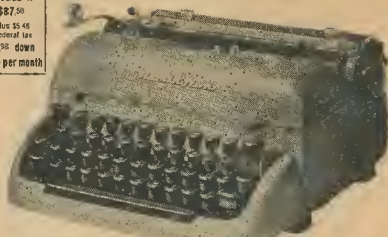


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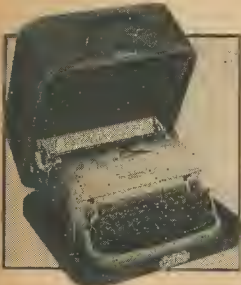
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